

## I Come and Stand at Your Door

The Fall

I come and stand at every door  
But no-one hears my silent plea  
I knock and yet remain unseen  
For I am dead for I am dead  
I need no fruit nor even rice  
I need no meat nor even bread  
And I need nothing for myself  
When children die they do not grow  
I woke one day to ash in light  
My eyes grew dim my eyes grew bright  
Death came and turned my bones to dust  
And scattered swirling in the wind  
I need no fruit nor even spice  
I need no sweet or even bread  
And I need nothing for myself